Some do that thing,ſome do this,
All do ſomething,none amis.
Sir Hugh. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that welch Fairy.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge,arme,head,nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I haue ſpied one by good lucke,
His body man, his head a Buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now,and I care not.
Quick. Go ſtrait,and do as I command,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers ends,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall,know his name:
If with an F.it doth begin,
Why then be ſure hee's full of ſinne.
About it then,and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphoſed youth.
Sir Hugh. Giue me the Tapers,I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They put the Torches to his fingers,and he ſtarts.
Sir Hugh. Tis right indeed,he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quick. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well,and after ſing.

Here they pinch him,and ſing about him,and the Doctour comes one way and ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way,he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales Miſtris Anne, being in white. And a noiſe of hunting is made within; and all the Fairies run away. Falſtaffe puls off his Bucks head,and riſes vp. And enters M. Page, M. Foord, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.

Fal: Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What, hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare.
How now who haue we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?
Shal. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Sir Hugh. God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn*, God pleſſe you.
Page. Why how now ſir *Iohn*, what a paire of horns in your hand?
For. Thoſe horns he meant to place vpon my head,
And M. *Brooke* and he ſhould be the men:
Why how now ſir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
And what's to come ſir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Miſ: Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your diſhoneſt meanes
To call our credits into queſtion,
Did make vs vndertake to our beſt,
To turne your lewd luſt to a merry ieſt.
Fal. Ieſt, tis well, haue I liued to theſe yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?